

weeks (more if desired) for 10s. to 15s. a week for instruction, and assures us that rooms and board may be had for 17s. a week. Children's gardens are rather a special feature of the training. The practical work includes: Seed sowing, planting, cultivation of roses, herbaceous borders, vegetables, fruit, tools and their uses, weeds and garden pests.

The theoretical work includes botany and chemistry of the soil.

All further particulars may be had from Miss Elsa More, c/o Viscountess Wolseley, School for Lady Gardeners, Glynde, Nr. Lewes, Sussex.—Yours sincerely,

ELLEN A. PARISH.

LETTER TO EX-STUDENTS.

Scale How.

DEAR EX-STUDENTS,—Our last letter to you was written on the eve of Half Term, when our fears were centred upon the weather. Happily they were unfounded, for, on the eventful day, we were favoured with "Queen's weather." This lasted until 9 o'clock in the evening, when the rain came down in torrents; by that time, however, we were all safe indoors, preparing for bed, and so we cared not. The spell of fine weather was broken, and we never had such another to the end of term.

The events after Half Term were the visit of Miss Parish, the Junior play, and the visit of Dr. Hough.

Miss Parish came on Friday, January 28th, when we had a Drawing-room evening—Lincoln Cathedral. On Saturday the Juniors gave their first play—or, rather, plays, for there were two of them—"Colombe's Birthday," by Robert Browning, and scenes from "The Mill on the Floss." Both plays were splendidly got up and acted; the first was an especially difficult undertaking, but was most successful; the second was very laughable. The actors threw themselves

wholly into the spirit of the play, and it was an easy matter to imagine oneself a visitor among the aunts and uncles at Mr. Tulliver's house, discussing Tom's future. At times the actors found their parts too humorous even for themselves, and then they joined in the general laughter!

On the Saturday following Good Friday, Dr. Hough came to us and gave us his lecture on the Oberammergau Passion play. The lecture was most interesting and helpful, and the slides were perfect.

Hockey was played with vigour until the end of the term; we had two exciting matches—Seniors *versus* Juniors and Cambridge *versus* Oxford. In the first, after a hard game, the Seniors won by 5 goals to nil, and in the second Cambridge by 5 goals to 2. We had also several good practices.

The drawing-room evenings have been Lincoln Cathedral, by Miss Lambert; Modern Composers, by Miss Gladding; "Hamlet," by Miss Truman; and the children's evening on Haydn.

During the holidays people have been busy at Scale How; we arrived back to find the class-room newly papered, the floor newly polished, and the schoolroom, the boot holes, and the entrance to the Millet House gaily illuminated with brilliant incandescent lights. We appreciate this very much.

The flower list now numbers 79, and the bird list 55.—Yours, etc.,

THE PRESENT STUDENTS.

BEADS OF GLASS.

A child of 11 said to me the other day that she had already begun to wish to go back—that she did not want to grow up and get older, and be "grown up," but she would like to go back to her baby sister's age, and stay there. "What," I said, "and never want to do anything? Spend your life in eating and playing and sleeping?"

"No!" she said. "I should like to have Pippa's mind, and live Pippa's life; it's more than that."

"Oh, no," I said, "it is not. Spend an hour putting glass beads into a box and emptying them out again." Then as I spoke I knew that was what life was—picking up beads. Do not we all do it? Does not the value of the bead lie in our minds entirely? The parents collect beads of old furniture and put them in the box of a beautiful house. They were emptied out of someone else's box first. I collect beads of books, and leave them about in other people's boxes. Some of us search laboriously for coloured beads to deck ourselves with—we call them clothes or jewels, but they are emptied out with the same inevitableness. "But I don't do that," you say. "I spend my life in the pursuit of knowledge." Still beads. You acquire facts, and store them in the box of your memory, or the pages of your notebooks, which are more accessible, and just as useless. Someone offered to give me a camera the other day. I declined, saying I did not understand it—knew nothing about photography. "But why should you not know?" the reply was. "You know many things not nearly so useful." Scrap-heaps, bead boxes—facts are only beads. We lose them, and forget them, or forget why we got them, and then tumble them out to pick up again "some day." "But I collect ideas, not facts. I know one should never meddle with facts. Ideas are different: they are alive: they are not beads." Are they not? What do you do with your ideas? Last year the only thing worth thinking about was star maps. Where are they now? The year before every moment must be given to illuminating. Where have your beautiful letters led you? Six months ago you wept at the account of the home worker's life in the match-box industry. What did you do to better it?

Last time the magazine came out you determined to help the Children's Country Holiday Fund. What have you

done? Beads all of them—beads of emotion, too, the most brittle kind; they break as you but put them in the box.

"You are quite wrong," you say. "I do not spend my life getting, but in giving." What do you give? Beads? Think about it. We work, we love work. We work for the love of it; not because without work we could not live. Have you ever thought what work does for us women? How it gives us a reason for being at all? How without it we had better drop out? How that is impossible, so that without the leave to work in the world we are parasites? Be thankful for work: it is the best thing in the world. Be thankful that you love the work you do, that it is productive, living; pray that it may absorb you so that you have neither time nor energy to look about for beads. The work we do to keep life is more than the life we work to keep. We do not matter, but the work does.

"But there must be something that is not beads, and is not work. Everyone knows recreation must come in somewhere. Does not our training tell us of the advantages of hobbies? Are they all beads?" Well, I think all the man-made things are. Handicrafts, reading, brass-rubbing, painting, even learning a new language, as long as we do these things in a spirit of acquisition, be it only for mental health's sake. When we turn to Nature, and look and listen and learn, wait and watch obedient to her lightest touch, then we really recreate. Then we are not getting beads of glass, but pearls of great price, to be spent again, 'tis true, but how gladly, in what gay service that we had nearly called drudgery! I think I must take back reading, because when we meet a mind that knows God in a book, again we recreate ourselves with joy. Is not that why Nature is such a rest? I mean the world we sometimes describe as "Natural Science." Because all its inmates are alive, and fulfilling their destinies without asking questions—at least, questions that we can hear. I believe I must take back

painting, too, because though the paper and pigments are beads, the real joy was when we felt we had really seen the spirit of the flower, or the landscape—when to our inmost being came the gentle softness of the primrose petal, the clear, grey mystery of the shadow on the path. That moment was the pearl, and you may keep the bead to remind you that you once possessed the pearl.

Life goes on: it never stops, because Life is God; and as we try to get near to God we almost catch a glimmer of what Life is—why we are, seldom articulate, never complete, but a hint of the purpose that we know is there. And in wondering at the marvels that we hear and see, gently uncovering them, and lovingly pondering their infinite variety, we feed our soul, and so have something to give. Because *you* can only give your soul, or the strength of your soul. Facts you cannot give, not knowledge. They are the world's possession, not yours. But your soul is your own, and of that you can give if you will.

In two different places to-day I read that the difference between Christianity and other religions was that Christianity consisted in *giving*, other religions in *getting* (one was the article in this month's *Review*, on the Montessori method; the other in *Christian Character*, by Illingworth, on Mysticism). "We gradually realise ourselves by including more and more of the world's multiplicity within the sphere of our own unity, thus making the many one." So we learn with the unfolding of each life, to live our own with patience till work and beads are left, and we go on.

B. A.

TWO POETS OF DONEGAL.

Little need be said of the lives of the two poets Seumas Macmanus and his wife, Ethna Carbery, whom it is proposed to consider here simply as interpreters of the beautiful scenery of the Donegal Highlands.

Seumas Macmanus writes thus of the days when—

"Each moment was a sparkling joy and every day a dream":—

"There was a barefoot boy, aerech skinned, frayed of garments, wont to skud the moors and skip the hills and thread his way by the briary brooks in the green glens of Donegal, his pockets bursting with ballads and his heart with love of Ireland—the world had named him very poor because the world sees only the superficialities."

One day, like many of his countrymen, he turned his back on "fabulous treasures" and crossed the Atlantic to bring back wealth of a more tangible kind, "but at the cost of heart's content these things were dearly bought."

He subsequently married Anna Johnson, better known by her Irish name of Ethna Carbery, a poetess whose character and tastes were akin to his own and of whom he writes: "A kind God has compressed into her short years more exuberant happiness than is usually bestowed in a long life. From childhood till the closing hour, every fibre of her frame vibrated with love of Ireland. Optimistic, hopeful, strong, she ever kept her face to the East."

She came from South Ireland, and it was only after her marriage that she saw the "hills of her heart" of which she had long dreamed and written, as is shown in these lines addressed to him "who drew me wandering over":—

"Because you brought the hills to me—
The dear hills I had never seen,
All sweet with heather adown the braes,
And golden gorse between.

"Where sings the blackbird in the dawn,
And where the blue lake-water stirs,
And where the slender wind-blown sedge
Shakes all its silver spurs.

" But in your every homely word
I hear my unknown kinsfolk call
My roving heart to find its rest
Afar in Donegal."

And elsewhere :—

" Yet may some dream blow o'er you the welcome that's
before you,
Among the wind-swept heather and grey glens of Donegal."

This welcome will be realised by those who know the cheerful, courteous, and warm-hearted peasant folk who were her husband's friends. She found the beauty and happiness she hoped for, but enjoyed it but a brief while before she died.

The work of these peasant poets is strangely alike in spirit and in sincerity of treatment. There is, perhaps, a more ringing melody in the songs of Seumas, and finer word painting in some lines from the more visionary poems of his wife. The poetry of both is essentially the product of the place that inspired it. Many of the songs seem to breathe the very spirit of this spacious moorland country, interspersed with countless lochs, and the mountains, with Errigal as their king, rugged but never unfriendly :—

" O rugged ones with hearts so warm for all you look so
wild " (S.M.).

The quotations which follow have been chosen from the descriptive poems only, for there is not space to consider the nationalist ballads, many of them strong and rousing, or the folk songs of Ethna Carbery, or the delightful character poems and stories of Macmanus. The authorship is indicated by initials.

" It's oh for a day on Dooran Hill
With the west wind blowing free !
Like a leash-slipped hound my blood in bound
And a spade in the hand of me." (S.M.)

" By pathless ways where led my steps on many a happy
day,
By fields of furze all golden, by soft brown knolls I stray ;
I see, beyond, the mountains tower, the wide Atlantic
foam,—
Wide earth hath not one spot more fair than the heath-clad
hills of home." (S.M.)

Ethna Carbery speaks of " the high, bald mountain where
the way was lone."

These lines reflect the endless variety which is one of the charms of Donegal scenery. There are bare, gaunt mountains, undulating, heather-clad hills, " rush-fringed, bog-land pools " (E.C.), trout-filled streams and lochs, fields of corn or flax wherever some small patch may be induced to yield produce amid the barren soil. The white-walled, straw-thatched cabins seem almost as much the work of Nature as the bog or moor on which they stand. At their black doorways a family group may often be seen. Some of the people are strikingly handsome, and occasionally one comes across a man, woman, or child possessed of a beauty that recalls the lines of Ethna Carbery, beginning, " Grey pools of quiet are her eyes like waters in the shade."

The lochs and bays are salient features of the district ; as many as thirteen, for instance, may be seen from Crockanaftrin above Glenalla. Some are wild and wind-swept like Loch Salt or Loch Finn ; some are deep blue-black like the two on the summit of Knockalla ; others blue and smiling with rushes by the side, as Cooney and Gort between Glenalla and Rathmullen, or Colmcille, and innumerable others, as fair as Yeat's Innisfree.

" It is there the curlew cries on a circling wing,
The heather-bleat croons wistfully, the brown larks sing,
The mournful, restless peewit has a constant fear,
And the lake water laps at the sedge's spear." (E.C.)

"The purple of moorland heather
By a wonderful wind was stirred,
Green rings of rushes went swaying,
Gaunt boughs of winter made moan." (E.C.)

"As if the lone hush of lake waters were stirred
By a wind from the swift sweeping wing of a bird
Which trails the breeze after." (E.C.)

The coast land is broken by bays and loughs. One recalls especially Sheephaven, by the desolate little fishing hamlet of Doagh, at the foot of Ganiemore, with rocks decked by many species of seaweed, lichen, and barnacles, and its deep pools and red sea anemones; Donegal Bay near Carrigan Head, where Slieve League rises 2,000 feet from the sea; Loch Swilly, well named Lake of Shadows, pearly tinted, fringed with yellow sand, where are "sea gulls sweeping and swaying" (E.C.), terns, cormorants, puffins, and many other sea birds, while to the west stretch the Knockalla mountains (whose name means Devil's backbone); Mulroy Bay with its many islands, its trees and its herons, recalling the scene described by another Irish poetess, Katherine Tynan, in "The Children of Lir"; Gweebarrer Bay, and many more.

The profusion of colour which he saw around him always delighted Macmanus. "Their shades my childish wonder were, their gold, rich brown, and blue," he writes. There is gold of divers shades from the whin, the brilliant corn daisies scattered among the young green of the oats or flax, from ragwort and St. Johnswort, and the flowers of bog-asphodel, and, at harvest-time, from the corn and the hay. Red-brown in autumn from the bracken and heather, the bog-grass, sphagnum moss, and the rich-toned fruit of bog-asphodel, and from many a peaty stream; blue from the sky and the lochs, the distant hills and the delicate flower of the flax. Purple, too, from the heather and luxuriant purple loose

strife; dark brown from the peat; silver from the waving bog cotton (called in Irish Caenavhan), and grass of Parnassus, and from the grey lime-stone rocks that jut out from a background of turf.

"The honeysuckle twists with the tangled briar,
The gorse sweeps across the moor in floods of fire,
And the little snowy blossoms of the caenavhan a-blow
Wave welcome from the bogland along the ways I go."
(E.C.)

The last quotation is a verse in a different vein from Seumas Macmanus' lines to "Ould Mike," a schoolmaster of former days. It should be noted that "the Gough and the Vosther" referred to were arithmetic text-books in use at the time.

"The ould men, sure, will mind ye,
And they'll tell us many a yarn
Of the ructions and the fractions,
And the whackings in the barn—
Of the Gough and of the Vosther
And of how you quelled a row—
And they'll shake their gray ould noddles,
With, 'There's no such larnin' now!'"

M. E. FRANKLIN.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

In the picturesque town of Salzburg, on January 27th, 1756, was born Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. His father, Leopold Mozart, was an estimable man and a good father, and being himself an accomplished musician, was able to assist materially in his son's education; in fact, much of Wolfgang's subsequent success was entirely due to his father's training and influence.

His sister Marianne was also musical, and at an extraordinarily early age they both astonished the world by their genius. Indeed, at the age of 4 we find Wolfgang successfully playing little pieces selected by his father and writing out tunes in a music book still preserved in the Mozart Museum at Salzburg. When 5 years old he composed a concerto, and when someone told him it was very difficult he sat down and played it himself, remarking that "it must be practised until mastered." So engrossed was he in his music that he had no time for any of the ordinary amusements of children, but he had the sweetest disposition and was quite natural and free from vanity. The story of his childhood and youth is a series of journeys made by himself and sister under the direction of their father, visits to the principal Courts of Europe, where in each case he became the pet and darling of the royal ladies. His simple behaviour and lack of etiquette with these people was somewhat amusing; indeed, at the age of 6 we find him offering to marry Marie Antoinette. It is most pathetic to find that though the child was everywhere received with great ovation, the mature musician with difficulty earned enough to keep his family from starvation. At the age of 10 he composed his first opera, at the request of the Emperor Joseph. It consisted of 558 pages and was completed in a wonderfully short time. But "La finta Semplice" was destined to be a failure, owing to jealousy and intrigue, and all hope of having it performed in Vienna had to be abandoned. A remarkable story is told illustrating the marvellous ear and memory that Mozart possessed. He was travelling in Italy and arrived in Rome on Wednesday in Holy Week, was taken to the Sistine Chapel to hear a wonderful Miserere by Allegri which was always performed on that occasion. No one was allowed to have a copy, even the members of the choir were forbidden to take their parts home with them. Wolfgang, after once hearing it, executed the marvellous

feat of writing it out from memory, and when it was again performed on Good Friday he took the score in his hat and corrected it. On a later visit to Rome Wolfgang was invested with the Order of the Golden Spur by the Pope. This enabled him to sign his compositions as "Del Signor Cavaliere W. A. Mozart," but before long he dropped the title, preferring to rely upon his natural genius. About this time he was elected as a member of the Accademia Filarmonica at Naples, which was regarded as a most exceptional honour, especially in his case, as they had to ignore the rules which forbade membership to any under 20 years of age. Before he had reached that age he had composed three operas, two of which had been enthusiastically received; many songs, concertos, and masses. In 1779 Mozart returned to Salzburg, and was forced, through lack of money, to accept the post of Court musician to the Archbishop. During the years that followed Mozart smarted under the rule of a tyrannical master, who considered him as his personal property and jealously forbade him ever to play outside his house. Here he was forced to dine with the servants, taking a lower place than the butlers and valets. But he did not waste his time. Indeed, at this period he was producing music of high quality at a rate unrivalled by any other composer. In 1782 Wolfgang married, but this only added to his difficulties, and the whole of his married life was a fight against poverty, the ill-health of his wife constantly proving a tax on his slender resources. Five years after this he produced his most mature works, the famous opera, "Le Mariage de Figaro," and three great symphonies, which were far and away ahead of anything of the kind that had been given to the world before then. "Don Giovanni" was completed in a very short while—in fact, the overture was written the night before the first performance, while Mozart was carrying on a conversation with people playing bowls.

In 1791 he was asked to compose a Requiem, which he did after having completed the wonderful opera "Zauberflöte." But his mind had become slightly unbalanced, and he began to think that he was writing it for himself. One day while working at the score in bed he was suddenly seized with the idea that it would never be finished. On December 4th, 1791, some friends came and sang the parts to him, after which he became unconscious, and died the following day. There was no public funeral for this great man—in fact, no one knows to this day where his body rests. A terrible storm prevented his friends from following the body, and at the early age of 35 Mozart was laid to rest in a pauper's grave with only the grave-digger as mourner. This was indeed a sad ending to the life of a genius, who had received all honour as a child, but on reaching manhood and fulfilling all the promise of his early years, was left in poverty and buried without recognition. —M. BAINES.

CARPACCIO: THE PAINTER OF STORIES.

The painter of stories—the painter for children. Botticelli touched their hearts; Jan Eyck stimulated their intellect; Velásquez filled them with humble wonder; but Carpaccio, they will feel, is their very own, for children love stories. Which of us has not related over and over again the story of the Three Bears? Do we realise how, to the child who listens with such intense gaze, the story throws itself into a series of pictures? The flight through the wood—the stolen meal in the kitchen—the rest on the bed—the arrival of the bears—the discovery and flight. Perhaps we have taken children to the National Gallery or to the National Portrait Gallery. Is there any need to tell them the story of Griselda as they stand before that wonderful series? Or in the latter place, will they not eagerly tell you the life history of that interesting man in the Tudor room (I think his name is

Hudson, but I remember very vividly how he courted and married his wife). And now we are to show them the work of the prince of story-tellers, that great Venetian painter who has put on his canvas for us in all its glowing colours the life that he saw around him: making his art, and his power in his art, tell us the story of the saint who is the gentle, brave patron of all little girls, of the agony and rescue of a noble princess, of the great day in the life of the Holy Young Mother, and the dignified, calm progression of the life of a learned father. Had Carpaccio little girls of his own, I wonder? He walked Venice with the seeing eye, and drew on all her stores of colour and form, of incident and delight, to furnish a background, to give a reality and warmth to his stories of the past, that they hold with unabated force to-day. The eight pictures that unfold in such minute and delicate detail, the story of St. Ursula, are full of a joy, gentleness, and dignity, that are expressed in colour so true and tender, with sympathy so rare, that we gaze on them with reverence as well as admiration. "The frescoes of Carpaccio not only bring before us the life of Venice in its manifold reality, but they illustrate the tendency of the Venetian masters to express the actual world rather than to formulate an ideal of the fancy, or to search the secrets of the soul. This realism, if the name can be applied to pictures as poetical as those of Carpaccio, is not, like the Florentine realism, hard and scientific. A natural feeling for grace and a sense of romance inspire the artist, and breathe from every figure that he paints. The type of beauty produced is charming by its negligence and naïveté: it is not thought out with pains or toilsomely elaborated."* So the painter realises the life of that brave princess, and lovingly shows it to us. Her gentle home life, ordered and dignified and happy, with her pets, her books, her flowers, and her dreams; her difficult voyaging with all the long retinue and

* Symons: "The Italian Renaissance."